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LOWEST RATES.

HIS YOUNG LADY PUPIL.
Heretic Treatment When a Big Girl Re-
fused to Learn Her Lesson.
A Maine boy, who is now a professor
in one of our New England colleges,
used to teach town schools while fitting
himself for his university course, says
the Lewiston Journal. Seated opposite
to him on a railway train while ago he
related to me some of his early experi-
ence in teaching the youthful idea.
One strapping great girl, a woman
grown, caused him considerable trouble
because of her indifference to the beau-
ties of education in general and "gog-
ger-fry" in particular, for which neglect
he caused her to put in considerable
time after school in making up.
It reached the teachers ears one day
that this maid had declared to an ad-
miring group that she wouldn't have her
lesson on that afternoon, and that if the
teacher kept her after school he would
have the privilege of sitting up one night
with her at any rate before she would
make the lesson up. This idea caused
mischief among the pupils, who are
usually ready to enjoy a teacher's
discomfiture.
According to the programme the young
lady's lesson that afternoon was a com-
plete failure, and she was told to make
it up after school. When the session
ended the other pupils lingered about
with an air of expectancy to see the out-
come of matters.
The teacher politely showed them out
of the room, however, and then went in
and shut the door. There sat the damsel
with her arms defiantly folded and the
book closed on the desk before her.
The pedagogue cordially invited her to
open the book and begin operations,
but this had no effect whatever.
"All right," said he, taking out his
watch. "I'll give you just thirty min-
utes to get that lesson, and if it is not
ready at the end of that time I'll take
you across my knee and give you one of
the most comprehensive, unabridged
and able-bodied spankings that have
ever occurred since Julius Caesar was an
infant."
Then he took a chair with his back to
the enemy. Surprise, mortification,
tears and sobs ensued, but at the end of
the half hour the lesson had been
learned—two lessons, probably.

THE RUN OF 67.
A Wild Race with a Runaway
Freight Train.
"Want to hear how a man of my age
happened to have gray hair? Well, of
course you know it's premature. I am
only twenty-seven. It was six years
ago, and this is how it happened."
Having often wondered how it was
that Harry Bally should possess a head
of hair the color of clean cotton and the
stoop of a man of sixty, while still
young in years, it was with a feeling of
satisfaction that I prepared to listen to
the explanation:
"It was in Colorado, on one of the
wildest and roughest railroads I know
of. The scenery was similar to that of
the Denver & Rio Grande on Dump
mountain.
"At the bottom, the road-bed was
forced in against the opposite mountain
by a noisy little river, that ran some
thirty feet below. There were three
tracks on the mountain side, and, stand-
ing on any one of the three, the other
two could be seen.
"The road was stoked with Baldwin
engines, and, to facilitate the climbing
of the heavy grades, they had small
driving-wheels.
"I was fireman on 67, which was used
in the passenger service. She had the
largest drivers on the road, and they
only measured forty-eight inches in
diameter.
"Matt Irwin was the engineer. He
was a crabbed, cross, little, old man,
with a bald head and an iron nerve.
He had been on the road ever since it
had been constructed, and seemed to
think that the officers should respect
him—which they did in a way—instead
of vice versa.
"Sixty-seven had just been housed
after a run. I was filling the oil-tanks
and Matt was hauling off his overalls,
when Mr. Fox, the superintendent,
climbed into the cab.
"After a few commonplace remarks,
he asked, abruptly:
"Matt, how soon can 67 go out?"
"Just as soon as I can pull on my
overalls," was the reply. "Her steam
hasn't been blown out yet, and her fire
hasn't been drawn."
"The superintendent looked at both
of us rather hard, as though he was sit-
ing us up, and then he said, awful solemn:
"Matt, you've been with us a long
time. You've been tried and not found
wanting. Now we want you to perform
the most dangerous piece of
work yet. Will you do it?"
"Matt's eyes looked as large as saucers
in the dim light of the cab. I confess
I was trembling myself.
"What is it?" he asked.
"There's been a big mistake made in
the higher offices—but that is not for
us to criticize—and there is but one way
to rectify it. Here the superintendent's
voice dropped to a whisper. "One hun-
dred and fifty thousand dollars in gold
has got to be in B— before midnight,
to connect with the Eastern express,
and you're the man selected to take it
through."
"Old Matt showed his astonishment
with his eyes, but never opened his
mouth. As for me, I was so excited by
this time that I had to stop my work,
because I poured more oil on the floor
than I did in the cans.
"As I said before, went on the su-
perintendent, it's dangerous business.
There are men in town to-night who, if
they knew the nature of this run, would
ditch you to secure the fortune. Guards
would only excite suspicion, and if you
left the track anywhere between Haver-
sack grade and the bottom, one man
would be as good as fifty, for none could
escape. You'll—"
"I'll go," said old Matt, straightening
up.
"And your fireman?"
"I'll take Harry, here. It's going to
be a dark run to-night, and I don't want
strange hands about the engine. We
understand each other."
"That was as sage a compliment as
Matt ever gave, and I felt proud. But
I was only little potatoes in this deal.
The superintendent merely glanced at
me, and, turning to Matt, continued:
"A lone engine might create sus-
picion, so we'll make up a wild freight.
They'll all be empties. Back down to
the offices before you couple on, and
we'll put the safe under the coal in the
tender."
"That was all. He jumped off and
disappeared. For some time Matt and
I sat staring at each other, then he hid
of his seat and said:
"This won't do! Supper, Harry—
supper! We haven't much time to lose.
It only lacks a few minutes of six. Be
back before the quarter."
The wind was whistling among the
cars, whirling the dust and papers
about, while in the south a big black
cloud was coming up, resplendent with
chain lightning. Altogether, the night
promised to be unusually bad.
"I was back on time, but Matt was
there before me. He had lighted the
shaded steam-gauge lamp, and stood
scanning a small piece of pasteboard.
"What do you make of this, Harry?"
he asked, as I climbed up beside him.
"I found it pinned to my cushion."
"On it was scrawled, with a lead pen-
cil, the words:
"Danger! Don't pull the wild freight to-
night if you value your lives."
"A TRUE FRIEND."
"I make it that some one besides
the superintendent and as knows of it,"
I replied, the cold shivers beginning to
chase each other up my spinal column.
"There's danger ahead!"

"Aye, there is danger, my boy," and
old Matt spoke softer than I had ever
heard him before. "If you want to—"
"I'll go where you lead," I replied,
quickly, knowing what he was going to
say.
"Then we'll go through if it takes
the wheels out from under! Ring up
the wipers!"
"And, without waiting for the hostler
to run the engine out, old Matt backed
her on to the turn-table, where the
wipers swung her around, and then we
backed down to the offices, where four
trustworthy men soon had the square safe
under the coal.
"A few minutes later we were coupled
on to a half-dozen empty freight cars
and a caboose.
"There's your orders!" cried Jimmy
O'Connor, the conductor, shoving up
the yellow sheets of issue-paper.
"Old Matt looked them over and we
began to move out of town.
"We've got a clear track," he said,
looking across at me; and then he drew
up the corners of his mouth, and I
looked for a quick run.
"Before we reached the outskirts of
the town the rain began to come down
in a perfect deluge. Great drops, mixed
with hail, and in such quantity that the
dry drains were soon transformed into
raging creeks.
"The wind howled and shrieked
above the rumble of the train and
threatened to lift 67 off the rails.
When the telegraph poles began to
snap off Matt's face began to lengthen.
"Good night for wash-overs," he
said. "And wash-overs are as bad as
washouts!"
"It was all down grade and all the
steam used was to run the air-pump. I
had only to keep the fire alive.
"Eight miles down we ran past a
small station where a freight train was
side-tracked. It had perhaps a dozen
cars.
"Just before we reached it I saw a
man dart in between two of the cars to
escape the head-light.
"I thought him either a trainman
or a tramp, but have since changed my
mind.
"We were half way down the Haver-
sack grade, with a straight stretch of
track and a long curve before us, when
Matt looked across and said:
"I'm afraid the little pasteboard was
only a scare. If—"
"There was the flash of a light be-
hind, the rattle of coal, and Bob Dun-
can, the forward brakeman, stood in
the cab. His face was as white as a
sheet.
"Shut her down—shut her down, for
Heaven's sake!" he shouted. "A freight's
broke loose and is coming down the
grade two miles a minute!"
"Before you could snap your fingers
my face was as pale as Bob's.
"Matt Irwin never lost his head, and,
with a coolness that comes to few men
in a time of danger, he asked: "How do
you know?"
"Seen her by a flash of lightning.
O'Connor and Billy have jumped!"
"And then he swung out on the step
and disappeared.
"Jump, if you want to, Harry," called
old Matt. "I'm going to stick to her!"
"I gave one look at the Egyptian dark-
ness and concluded that I would stay
with old Matt.
"Keep your eye peeled for her," he
cried, and commenced to let 67 out.
"There she is!" I shouted.
"And there it was, sure enough. It
had just come out of a cut. One of the
boxes was on fire, the flame streaming
back half a car length and cutting
through the air like a meteor.
"She's four miles behind," said old
Matt, "and coming four feet to our one.
If we can get around the curve there's a
show of her jumping."
"And then began that terrible ride.
"He looked 67 up to the first notch
and opened the throttle.
"With seven cars behind we shot
down the grade of one hundred and sev-
enty-five feet to the mile.
"67 set low in her frame; but every
low joint rung her bell for an eighth of
a mile. She jumped and swayed and
threatened to leave the rails. The wind
shrieked around us like a thousand do-
mons, and the rain poured against the
windows in a perfect stream.
"There's danger ahead and death be-
hind," shouted the old engineer. "If the
rain loosens a bowlder and drops it on
the track—"
"I shuddered. There was the blasted
pine that marked the curve. The next
second we reached it. For a moment I
thought it was all over. Then 67
righted. There was a sharp jerk. We
forged ahead faster, and our seven cars
cleared the road-bed and went down the
bluff with a crash that was heard high
above the storm, leaving a clean track
for the runaway behind, that was com-
ing as swift and sure as death.
"If the runaway got around the curve,
the probabilities were that we would be
knocked from the track into the river.
"We were very near to the bottom
now, where the road-bed followed the
river, and engineers were cautioned not
to run over fifteen miles per hour.
"But orders were not respected that
night. We were making thirty miles
an hour when a flash of lightning
showed me that dark string of cars
coming around the curve. The blasting
box was on the opposite side and in-
visible.
"Old Matt gave 67 the steam so sud-
denly she seemed to jump from under
us; but the runaway was not more than
half a mile behind and coming with the
speed of a tornado.
"There was no getting out of the way.
In a moment it would be on us. I im-
agined I could see the black mass com-
ing down on us in the darkness, when

a heavy rumble was heard, followed by
a tremendous crash.
"The rain had loosened the rock and
dirt overhanging the track, and it only
needed the jar of the passage of 67 to set
it in motion.
"Something like a thousand tons of
debris rolled on to the track directly
behind us, and into these those runaway
cars plunged.
"But we did not find this out until
afterward. Matt kept 67 up to what
was a tremendous speed on that
track. She plunged and rolled and
rang her bell continually. A dozen
times I thought we were going into the
river.
"We pulled through all right; but
that was my last trip. When I got off
the engine my hair was streaked with
gray, and now it is as white as snow.
"For some time it was thought that
the runaway cars had broke loose; but
the company became suspicious and had
the case looked into with the result of
running down some tough characters,
who finally confessed to cutting the
loose with the intention of ditching us
between Haver-sack grade and the bot-
tom and securing the treasure.
"Old Matt has retired from the road;
but I do not think that either he or I
shall ever forget 'the run of 67.'—W.
F. BRUNS, in Golden Days.

CHAMPION OF TRUANCY.
A French Boy of Ten Years with an Un-
conquerable Love of Truancy.
A Paris newspaper correspondent saw
at his mother's little home in the Cite
de Popincourt Master Hippolyte Brise-
mur, a young gentleman who had been
emulating Joe Frank, the Chicago run-
away. He is only ten years of age, but
already he has run away from home
twelve times. He is a small, wiry,
bullet-headed little Parisian gamin—
shrewd, intelligent, cunning, false. His
sharp, ferret eyes are never still and
never look one straight in the face,
though their restlessness proves that
they are watching every movement
in momentary expectation of a cuff or
a kick, and the wiry body twitches in
preparation for immediate escape from
dittier. He stolidly refused to talk, but
whined out a sort of plea to be released.
The mother and father, respectable peo-
ple of the ouvrier class, said he was ab-
solutely incorrigible. He has been im-
prisoned in the Petite Roquette for be-
gging in the street, has three times been
in reformatory homes, twice at Poitiers
and once in the Rue Dauphine, but no
sooner is he out than his nomadic in-
stincts lead him to another flight. His
last escapade, for which he was once
more sent to Poitiers, will show the dar-
ing as well as the untroubled nature of
the little animal. Fifteen days before
he was missed, and when he was
brought home his parents were told that
he had been found hiding in a freight
wagon at St. Maixent. He had stolen the
ride from the Orleans terminus in Paris.
When taken and asked what he was
doing, he boldly replied that he had
heard so much at school of the cele-
brated battle-field at St. Maixent,
where Charles Marcel had conquered
the Saracens, that he had been filled
with a desire to visit and see the place
for himself. Such a story from such a
child, was, of course, disbelieved, and,
after some difficulty, his name and ad-
dress being found, he was sent back to
Paris. So incorrigible is this young-
ster in his truant ways that his parents
have ceased to worry when he disap-
pears, feeling certain that when he
comes to the end of his tether he will
find his way to the nearest police sta-
tion, give himself up and be sent home.

New Treasury Notes.
Two denominations of the new Treas-
ury note were issued the other day.
They consisted of \$1,000 and \$100 notes,
forming an aggregate of \$3,000,000. The
notes are plainer looking than those
now in circulation, but the work upon
them is finely executed. The \$1,000
note is adorned with a well-executed
medallion portrait of General Meade,
and the \$100 note with a similar like-
ness of Admiral Farragut. The back of
the notes are printed in green and has
the denomination plainly set forth in
large figures across the entire length
and can not be easily altered.

Breach of Hygienic Laws.
Hawold—You look all broke up,
Cholly. By Jove, what ails you, dear
boy?
Cholly—Tewible accident, Hawold.
After doing my toilet last night, forgot
to put on my finger ring again, and so
caught a tremendous cold.—Jewel-
ers' Circular.



CHRONICLE-UNION.

BRIDGEPORT, JANUARY 17, 1891.

County Official Press.

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

Personal.

Ex-Superior Judge O. F. Hakes left here on Monday last for Arizona, where he will reside.

Miss Lela Strobbridge left here on Monday for her San Francisco home.

Fire.—About 10:30 on Monday morning flames were seen issuing from the main roof of Mrs. C. A. Schuman's residence on Main street, opposite Bryant's Hall.

J. F. Crowell tendered the use of his residence to Mrs. Schuman and family until her home is repaired.

Nor TOWN.—The story that is going the rounds of the press, that Jim Townsend, of the Homer Index, had been caught in a snowslide, was made of "whole cloth."

A WARNING.—The late fire should be a warning to our citizens to see that their stovepipes are secure.

The Jury.—On Monday next Judge Virden will superintend the drawing of 80 jurors for the Led trial, which is set for February 6th.

After a few days of cloudy, threatening weather, it has cleared, and this is a beautiful day.

Thanks to Assemblyman Hunewill for copies of important bills that have been introduced in the Assembly by himself and others.

We have had about six weeks splendid sleighing from about five inches of snow, but old Sol is getting pretty hot, and the snow is melting fast to-day.

His COMMITTEES.—Assemblyman Hunewill has been placed on the following committees: Agriculture and Forestry, Attaches and Employees, Mines.

HEAVY JUDGMENT.—In the case of Broder, et al., vs. Conklin, et al., the Superior Court, of Inyo county, rendered judgment for plaintiff aggregating \$199,957.25, and costs.

The Secretary of War has ordered the abandonment of Fort Lowell, Arizona, and the Arizonans are backing against it, as the Fort is on the Apache trail, where one is most needed.

It is creditable to the Legislature that it has closed the "dive" which the late State Administration allowed to thrive in the basement of the Capitol.

The illness of Senator Heard has been greatly exaggerated.

Proceedings of the Board of Supervisors.

January 16, 9. A. M.

Board met at appointed time. All present. Hunewill presiding.

Moved by Stewart, seconded by Canlan, that the Auditor be instructed to transfer \$500 from the County Road Fund to the Swamp Land Fund to repay amount borrowed from that fund by order of Board of Supervisors at July meeting 1890. Carried by unanimous vote.

Moved by Pitts, seconded by Canlan, that claim of Wm. Price for labor on road be laid over to April meeting. Carried by unanimous vote.

Moved by Morgan, seconded by Canlan that the following transfers be ordered from the County Road Fund to:

Table with columns: CLAIMANT, NATURE OF CLAIM, AMT. ALLOWED. Lists various individuals and their claims against the County Road Fund.

Table with columns: CLAIMANT, NATURE OF CLAIM, AMT. ALLOWED. Lists various individuals and their claims against the Hospital Fund.

Table with columns: CLAIMANT, NATURE OF CLAIM, AMT. ALLOWED. Lists various individuals and their claims against the Township Road Fund.

Table with columns: CLAIMANT, NATURE OF CLAIM, AMT. ALLOWED. Lists various individuals and their claims against the County Road Fund.

Table with columns: CLAIMANT, NATURE OF CLAIM, AMT. ALLOWED. Lists various individuals and their claims against the Salary Fund.

Moved by Morgan, seconded by Stewart, that bill of R. C. Christin for \$67.06 Justice's fees, be allowed for \$62.25. Carried unanimously.

Ordinance No. 48, for the appointment of License Collector, an amendment to Section 20 of Ordinance No. 40, is now read for the first time.

Ordinance No. 48, having been twice read, and put upon its passage, it, on motion of Pitts, seconded by Morgan, defeated by the following vote: Ayes, Pitts, Hunewill, Noes, Canlan, Stewart, Morgan.

Moved by Morgan, seconded by Stewart, that M. P. Hayes be appointed Special License Collector for the ensuing year, carried by unanimous vote.

The Board now adjourns sine die.

The scheme of Governor Hill to rule out reform Republicans from the Assembly to secure the election of a U. S. Senator, will not go in the U. S. Senate.

MUTUALLY DISAPPOINTED.

Time Flies and Space Vanishes Before a Too Eager Reporter.

Newspaper reporters like other people jump at conclusions sometimes. When the recent brick boycott began in this city, says the New York Tribune, one of them rushed into the Astor House and said hurriedly to the clerk: "In what room are the brick manufacturers meeting?"

"Parlor F" said the busy clerk without looking up. The door of Parlor F was open, and the reporter, unwilling perhaps to give trouble to anybody, did not stop to knock, but walked in, saying: "I suppose this is a public meeting, gentlemen? I represent the Howler, and of course we want only trustworthy news. So I have come to headquarters for it."

Several prosperous-looking men were sitting about the room, and one, who was at the head of a big table evidently acting as chairman, said pleasantly: "Always glad to see a reporter. Come in. The public ought to hear about this thing, and the Howler is just the paper I would like to see published it."

This was delightful. Capitalists don't often talk that way. They, in fact, are sometimes averse to making their private business public, and the reporter had visions of a column or two of solid inside facts with the names of wealthy men to endorse them.

But it would not do to look his joy, so he replied, calmly: "If you'll give me the facts, gentlemen, without reserve you will see them in print tomorrow. People who only give reporters half the truth are the first ones to complain of incomplete reports the next day. Now, briefly, how many manufacturers are involved? How many brick do they turn out a year? Is your organization perfected? How much capital do you represent? When did the trouble arise and how? Are you determined to fight it out to the bitter end? How long do you think the boycott will last? How many?"

"Wait, wait, wait!" broke in the chairman. "Boycott! What boycott? Fight! We are engaged in no fight. What do you mean?"

"Who-o-o-w!" sighed the reporter. "You're not the Associated Brick Manufacturers, then, engaged in a life-struggle with the walking delegates and boycotting this town, incidentally, careless of the consequences so long as you win."

"No, sir!" said the chairman, with a touch of indignation in his tone. "This meeting has been called to see if we can not organize a society for the suppression of gambling in its hide-out."

"Oh, I beg your pardon for intruding!" gasped the disappointed reporter, as his rosy visions vanished. "I must hunt up the brick."

"No intrusion, I assure you. Quite welcome. You're not going?" interrupted the chairman, but the reporter did not pause.

"Impossible for me to stay," he bowed out. "So sorry (here he backed toward the door), but if one of you will go over to the office and call on the city editor, I feel sure he will be glad to devote to your excellent organization a large (here he closed the door from the outside) corner in the waste-basket, I hope," he continued, as he hurried down the hall, trying to kick himself all the way.

BANKED HIS SURPLUS. A Pet Dog Whose Intelligence Seemed Really Incomprehensible.

The grandfather of Mr. Owen, of the Chicago bar, who resided in the Old Dominion, was, according to the Chicago Herald, the owner of a dog whose sagacity would seem to entitle him to a place in canine history.

One day he carried to the village butcher's a basket containing his master's order and a penny with which to purchase meat for himself. To show off Bruno's talent his kind master often gave him pennies at other times than the marketing hour, which the dog made haste to deposit upon the block of his friend, the butcher.

One day the old gentleman had been boasting to a friend of the rare gifts possessed by his dog, and gave him a penny to furnish ocular proof of the same. At the door of the meat market the animal paused, bent his head as if engaged in a veritable brown study, and then, to the utter discomfiture of his watching master and the secret delight of his doubting friend, trotted home with the penny in his mouth.

Some time since a hansom cab was driven at a very rapid pace along the strand in London, and passers-by observed, to their horror, there were two men inside engaged in an apparently deadly conflict.

NO CHANCE FOR HIM.

Why the Young Man from Flatville Went West as a Soldier.

"Well, my boy, for your father's sake I'll give you a chance to make your mark in life. Of course you will have to begin at the lowest round and work your way up."

Young Clark, who was about eighteen, was turned over to the head of the retail department of the big dry-goods house of Belford & Co. For a week, says the Chicago Herald, he worked like a major.

At night he would go to his lodgings, and after reading a few chapters of a novel loaned him by a friend, would jump into bed to dream of a poor boy who made his mark and married his employer's beautiful daughter.

He asked the first young man whom he engaged in conversation if Mr. Belford's daughter was there. He was answered in the affirmative. His companion pointed out a tall, angular, red-haired, freckled-faced woman of about thirty. Young Clark felt faint, but he braced himself sufficiently to ask:

"Isn't he any other daughter?" "That's his only child," was the reply. "This was a crusher. The vision of loveliness was gone, and there sat the homely creature gazing strawberries with fleshy fervor."

Young Clark went to bed that night to dream that he was married to a fright, a shrew, a perfect virago. He awoke early and almost exhausted from the horror of his dream.

After dressing he sat at a table and wrote a brief note: "Dear Mr. Belford:—You have been kind to me, but I can stand it no longer. Do not blame me. I was disappointed. Country boys have a wrong idea of the city."

Then he packed his valise, paid his board bill and took the first train for Flatville.

"Tain't one chance in a million that a country boy going into the city can marry his employer's beautiful daughter," he said to his chums, who were surprised to see him back so soon.

AN INTELLIGENT HORSE. The Crowning Lie of Philadelphia's Champion Story-Teller.

"One of the most affectionate and intelligent horses I ever saw," said the Girard House liar to a Philadelphia Times man, "was owned by a cavalryman during the latest of our National unpleasantness. Two regiments of Confederate soldiers and a troop of Union cavalry were skirmishing in Virginia one day, and in their anxiety to swoop down suddenly, each upon the other, they tried to gain a deep, narrow gorge about a quarter of a mile long. Of course one side was not aware of the maneuvering of the other. The cavalry company entered from the north end and the Confederates from the south. Both progressed stealthily, and they never knew they were facing each other until they had come within rifle range."

"Brown, the cavalryman of whom I speak, was an intrepid fellow, and in command of the company. As soon as he spied the Confederates he put spurs to his horse and shouted to his command to follow him. There was a bloody battle for about ten minutes, with great loss on both sides, and the cavalrymen were about to retreat when they saw Brown thrown out of his saddle. At the same time they found that the Confederate ammunition had about given out, so they determined to rescue their gallant commander, who was being led off a prisoner by half a dozen rebels."

"But they came too late. Brown's horse stood perfectly still for a moment, but when he saw his master being led away he was nearly frantic and dashed among Brown's captors. He was an equine soldier, you may be sure. Grabbing one of the rebels by the shoulder with his teeth, he threw him over his head and back among the cavalrymen. As the poor fellow came down a saber was run through him and he fell lifeless to the ground. The heroic animal never stopped until he had tossed every one of the half-dozen 'rebels' and threw them over his head, each one being impaled before he struck the ground."

"Then, taking his master gently between his teeth, he ran like mad back to the cavalry company and laid him down on the grass. The gallant horse then fell dead. We saw the cause of it in an instant. One of the venal rebels had sunk a dirk-knife into the noble rescuer's heart, but he never faltered until he had removed Brown safely from the fury of the foe."

Poor Country for Bachelors. There is a prejudice in the rural districts of this State against bachelors, says the Portland Oregonian. People in every outlying settlement are opposed to bachelors taking up claims in their vicinity. An exchange says: "There are some splendid claims on Deadwood creek not yet taken, as good as any on the coast. The citizens want men with families to settle on them. Three of these claims were taken by bachelors last fall. The ladies of Deadwood passed a resolution placing a three years' limit on celibacy in that district, and providing all bachelors not married at the end of that time be run out of the settlement or hanged."

Beating the Eagle. The eagle does not show a bold front when her eyrie is invaded, although much has been written to the contrary. A gentleman lately visited an eyrie in the highlands of Scotland. There were young ones in the nest, and on approaching the nest the parent bird flew off, leaving the eaglets to look after themselves. She kept hovering about a very long way off, but did not show any signs of returning so long as the invader was there.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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